take a soldier: take a soldier, take a king: And what savest thou then to my love ? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

KATH. Is it possible dat I should love the enemy of France[1] ?

K. HEN. No: it is not possible, you should love the enemy of France, Kate : but, in loving me, you should love the friend of France: for I love France so well, that I will not part with a village of it: I will have it all mine: and, Kate, when France is mine and I am yours, then yours is France, and you are mine.

KATH. I cannot tell vat is dat.

K. HEN. No, Kate ? I will tell thee in French: which I am sure will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. *Quand&iav la possession de France, et quand vous avez le possession de moi,* (let me see, what then ? Saint Dennis be my speed !) —donc vostre est France, et vous estes mienne. It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom, as to speak so much more French: I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

KATH. *Sauf vostre honneur, le Francois que vous parlez est meilleur que l'Anglois lequelle parle.*

K. HEN. No, 'faith, is't not, Kate: but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English? Canst thou love me ?

KATH. I cannot tell.

K. HEN. Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate ? I'll ask them. Come, I know, thou

lovest me: and

[1] Is it possible dat I should love de enemy of France?] So in the anonymous play of The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth :

** *Kate.* How should I love thee which is my father's enemie ? '*

STEVENS,